

The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

**August
1933**

AGAIN, let us press home the need of lifting the TAX curse. The new tax bill will kill small business and bring greater distress upon the already burdened housewife.

Who has bought our lawmakers again that they can become so blind to the necessary steps to be taken to relieve suffering? Excess taxes are leeches that have drawn the life blood of every people in every age—ruined the nations of Europe and retarded the growth of others.

**WHEN WILL THE BONDAGE
OF THE PEOPLE CEASE?**

Will Roosevelt be the David of our age and kill this Giant TAX who, in the name of **BALANCING THE BUDGET** in state and Capital, is killing the morale of the country, from the youngest to the oldest of our citizens?

WHY are the thieves of the people's money not apprehended and forced to return to the people their life savings? Can Government **STAND** when the home is distressed and its citizens are without the necessities of life?

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EFFA E. DANELSON, Editor and Publisher

WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED

Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

VOLUME 9

NUMBER 8

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THE OCCULT DIGEST

Chicago, Illinois

Good Books Are Humanity's Greatest Blessing; They Are the Gifts of the Masters

HAVE COURAGE

By EFFA E. DANELSON

ARE you discouraged—sad at heart—depressed in soul—without energy—afflicted in body—friendless and oppressed? Turn the searchlight on yourself; be merciless with your criticism of self—analyze your thoughts and your reactions even in the smallest matters that disturb and delight you. Talk over matters of importance with yourself before the mirror; it will be a revelation to you and a school as well, teaching yourself self control and how to avoid becoming a bore to others; it will give you poise and entertainment, bringing out both your good and bad points of entertaining your friends.

Talking things over with yourself before the mirror will correct more bad habits than a dozen treatises on the subject. Go to your mirror for comfort—for courage—for affliction—for energy and for health and if you are lonely and friendless, why, you are your one great friend, the friend you can depend on to pull you out of the mire. There is nothing that will make you hold up your chin like a good square look at yourself when you are honest with the world and particularly when you are giving yourself a square deal. You must look at yourself from every angle and from the viewpoint of both your friends and enemies, sparing neither criticism nor cynicism and you must make the scale of Life balance.

Your mirror is your Ledger and your Banker—nothing can be overlooked; your ledger must show every entry. You must, of course, supply yourself with a perfect mirror, one that will neither contort nor flatter. A good, long look into your mirror will cure many ills of the body and mind. To see yourself as others see you is a tonic that never fails in clearing the blood streams of the mind. The mirror strips us of our false pride and our false faces and sets a new vibration tingling from the tips of our toes to the crown of our heads, giving us a new purpose in life, a new outlook on the lives of those with whom we are in daily struggle.

Hand the keys of your destiny to your reflection in the mirror. Cast out all fear and walk the path of Life in safety, meeting no adversary on the way, for sufficient unto the day will all your needs be supplied. Know of a truth that when you cross the threshold of understanding and enter the temple of learning you have become your own Master and whatever you place before the mirror will be reflected back. Let us beseech you to draw forth from that inner chamber the soul of Honor, patience and gratitude, the fundamentals required of every child of air, water and earth.

We must be kind, even in meeting our chastisement; we must be just with those who despitely treat us if we would live in the creative Law of Life and master the elements within us that seek revenge. There is no better channel through which we can restore our equilibrium than the mirror if we view our reflection with a noble purpose and for the purpose of restoring us to perfect understanding of ourselves Physically and Mentally and to replenish our storehouse of good will. Make your mirror your best friend, your Judge and Jury and mete out to others as you mete to yourself that the sunshine may enter your Temple at all times and in all places.

EDITORIALS *in* TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

The Kingdom of Man

IN THE philosophy of the realization of Life after Death, to the average mind there is no logic, mainly because they have only the measuring stick and the weighing scales with which to make their analyses and comparisons. Life, to the average human being consists only of the things sensed or realized through the five known senses. Mental travel or sight beyond the physical eye and brain vision cannot be conceived of. The majority of people do not realize their ability to Create; they are content with viewing with wonder the Creation which they attribute to the Master Minds, not in the slightest degree appreciating the fact that it is a reflection from their own *inner consciousness*.

The saying that "all men are born equal" is proven by Nature's own method of creation. Every seed that brings forth its kind must be a perfect seed; therefore, from the beginning all things are made perfect or created from the perfect image or seed. Imperfection is contacted only when the creation contacts outside forces or environments and influences.

Each *created thing*, being a world of itself, functions in its own rate of vibration, independent of every other created thing, by its own governing law. It is only when we contact stratas of inharmony that we are blown about and distracted from our course. In the human relationship to each other and to all other forms of Life only do we find this extreme stress of inharmony.

Man, vested with power of speech and expansion of intellect not content with building homes and rearing their young like other forms of *Creation*, has builded destruction into his life and has given to his posterity an inheritance of evil tendencies of persecution which extends beyond his domain, penetrates the invisible world of which he is unconscious and reacts to his sorrow and to his own destruction. Not understanding the processes of Life or the reactions of his straying, he has builded into his consciousness two factors, Evil and Good, or Justice and Injustice. He has also created a Heaven to reward the good and a Hell to punish the evil. Because he himself has become a ruler he has created like unto himself, rulers for these states of consciousness, giving to his posterity a God to reward the good and a Devil to punish the evil, thus creating warring factions, out of which has developed the present day reign of terror. To those who have eyes to see and ears to hear—meaning extended sight and hearing or vision, the scroll of Life slowly unfolding is bringing into the record of Creation a great change. The Spirit of enlightenment, passing in and out, carrying Wisdom and

Knowledge to the benighted souls, with healing touch is arousing man, awakening, so to speak, the human race to a greater understanding of Life itself and its purpose.

The handful of people who, from century to century, were baptized with these gifts, have kept the highways open in spite of every and all traditions, in spite of all the persecutions that have been heaped upon them. This handful of people has grown in power and in units until today hoards of armies are uniting in every land and in every citadel where the enemy is massed to keep the institutions of war and ignorance in command.

A great light is breaking over the world. A new intelligence is being born and those who represent the good and those who represent the bad must come into conflict until every eye shall see and every ear shall hear the wonders of that great life, the powers of a greater manhood. Receding into the dim past, never to return, the powers of destruction are relinquishing their strongholds to the Light of the *new intelligence* now taking possession of the children of earth.

Hail, all Hail to the new born souls who shall rule—not by the power of MIGHT but by the power of RIGHT—THE KINGDOM OF MAN.

How Can You Know You Do Not Die?

SLIP out of the fetters of the past—open the floodgates of *reason* and measure Life by the natural law demonstrated by nature. The tree dies every Fall when it drops its leaves, yet you say it is not dead but resting. How did you come to this conclusion—through the demonstration of nature. How could nature demonstrate that the tree was not dead—because you were willing to reason and wait. Had you acted on the supposition that the tree was dead and cut it down you would never have known that it was not dead.

Take a lesson from the tree and know that the physical body is like unto the tree; but the life that animates that body has provided for itself a new garment in the way of a new body which we will designate as an atmospheric body (misnamed astral) in which that *Life* that was you, actually functions in complete harmony in the atmospheric world of which you as a physical entity know nothing, due mainly as a result of your religious training.

This atmospheric body also meets a stronger force which causes it to drop away but *Life* (you) again finds itself clothed in a body which does its bidding perfectly. This body is composed of Light elements and is called by those who have observed it, The White Light. Those who have successfully

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANIELSON

passed through the Physical Birth and Death and conquered the atmospheric vibration lay off the atmospheric body and attain the LIGHT garment at the third Death—or Birth—in consciousness. These are souls the Psychic or Mediums see whom they call Jesus, mainly because of the paintings handed down from the early centuries. These groups of advanced souls, called Christs have formed groups for the purpose of enlightening the world. It is time that we began to study this question of continued Life after Death from a sane and reasoning base—using the light of intelligence rather than the tallow dip of the dark ages of superstitious tyranny. Life exists after the death of the physical body because Nature's law decreed it should and because man is endowed with powers of reason it is incumbent upon him to explore the vast stratas of Life and proclaim the Truth about Life without Fear or Favor and pull from the mind's eye the veil of mystery which now cloaks it that we may break down the barricade of the ages and explore the mighty dominion of Life.

It Is the Law

AS WE stand at the crossroad of *Time* we marvel at the glory of nature. We are humbled but not humiliated. We are gracious but not groveling. We hold in abeyance the forces that would destroy us and command the powers that construct to do our bidding. We weave the garments of Light and dispel the garment of Darkness. We turn aside from the temptation to loiter and do with our might the duties that lie at our door.

We call to the Masters of the ages to light our lamp with the taper of their wisdom and ever seek to follow the path that leads to greater and greater channels of understanding. We know the value of command and bring the erring forces of our universe under submission. We ask to serve, knowing that true duty lies only in service—that protection lies in the understanding of the law and its manipulation. We know that we must at all times settle all questions by the law of right if we would not be torn asunder by the two-edged sword of untruth.

We must, if we would inherit Life, give the seed of Life to all who ask for bread. We must not turn aside from the path if we would reach the goal of our choosing. As our light shines upon the path it directs us by revealing the pitfalls on the journey. We seek always the inner chamber where burneth the fire that consumes the dross. Hold to that *Hope* which directs your course, guiding your step to the mountain top of Truth, the revelator of Life. Fix

your attention on the goal you chose—turn neither to the right or the left—look not back, not down, but up and on and daily your steps will keep to the path of your high calling. IT IS THE LAW.

Eternity Is Now

“WHAT shall I do to inherit Eternal Life?” Sermons have been preached—wars have been fought—whole Nations have been made captive or destroyed throughout the centuries and today the question is a bone of contention amongst the people who are seeking the salvation of the soul through Faith and Belief; but the “*awake*” mind knows that Eternal Life is the NOW and that we live one day at a time, whether in the physical body or one of the many bodies nature has so prolifically provided for us to function in throughout the *Cosmic Time*, on and about this old earth of ours.

The thing that puzzles us most is, why people make of the *law* such a complicated and unvirtuous expression of Life. Travel where you will and on no other planet do we find such a conglomeration of ideas about Life as we find in the minds and the outlook as evidenced by the *wise* men of earth.

In all their mass thinking the people of earth are endowed with a spirit to *follow* rather than to *lead*; to accept what has been handed down by word of mouth rather than to reason the why and the wherefore because Death has been made such a monster of mystery.

We have, for many years, lectured and written upon the natural function of Life, stripped of its fancy raiment of piety and worship. Life in its beauty—in its magnificent expression—man's inhumanity—man's fetters have brought the marvelous work of nature to its pitiful status of today—a snarling, biting, downtrodden people who are slaves to bigotry and egotism and slave drivers for the mere pittance—the god of fashion and the desire to outdo and outshine.

We are living in a wonderful man made world but we are not happy and we are sick, world sick to the core, because we are running after a man made myth—“*an eternal Life in an eternal city after the death of the physical body.*” Know that Eternity and eternal Life is your inheritance from nature; no creed or dogma, cult or ism, has it copyrighted; it is yours by right of birth. Study Life from this angle of deduction and cast out ALL fear. Set your law on facts, not myths and carve out *your* destiny by the eternal day of time that serves you best because always serving you. Take the dollar sign off of human values and you will do away with crime.

The Phantom Arms

By ERIC FELS FAR

(Continued from last month)

IN that instant I felt fingers tighten on my arm, tighten till they bit into the flesh, and I was pulled back to safety. Together we staggered back, and got below somehow. I was trembling like a leaf, and the nervous sweat dripped from me. I almost screamed aloud. It was not that I was frightened of death. I've seen too much of that in many parts of the earth to dread it greatly. It was the thought of those fingers tightening on me where no fingers were.

Wilson did not speak a word, nor did I, until we found ourselves in the cabin. I tore the wet clothes off me and turned my arm to the mirror. I knew I could not have been mistaken when I felt them. There on the upper arm, above the line of sunburn that one gets from working with sleeves rolled up, there on the white skin showed the red marks of four slender fingers and a thumb! I sat down suddenly at sight of them, and pulling open a drawer found a flask of neat brandy, and gulped it down, emptied it in one gulp. Then I turned to Wilson and pointed to the marks.

"In God's name, how came these here?" I said. "What—what happened up there on deck?" He looked at me very gravely. "I saved you," he said, "or rather I didn't, for I could not. But she did."

"What do you mean?" I stammered.

"Let me get these clothes off," he said, "and some dry ones on; and I'll tell you."

Words fail to describe my feelings as I watched the clothes come off him and dry ones go on just as if hands were arranging them. I sat and shuddered. I tried to close my eyes, but the weird, unnatural sight drew them as a lodestone.

"I'm sorry that you should have had this shock," he said. "I know what it must have been like, though it was not so bad for me when they seemed to come, for they came gradually as time went on."

"What came gradually?" I asked.

"Why, these arms! They're what I'm telling you about. You asked me to tell you, I thought?"

"Did I?" I said, "I don't know what I'm saying or asking. I think I'm going mad, quite mad."

"No," he said, "you're as sane as I am, only when you come across something strange, unique for that matter, you are naturally terrified. Well, it was like this. I told you about my adventures with the blacks up country. That was quite true. They cut off both my arms—you can see the stumps for that matter. And I told you that I came home to find my wife dying. Her heart had always been weak, I'd known that, and it had gradually grown more feeble. There must have been, indeed there was, a strange sort of telepathy between us. She had had fearful heart attacks on both occasions when the blacks had

mutilated me, I learned on comparing notes.

"But I had known too, somehow, that I must escape at all costs. It was the knowledge that made me try again after each failure. I should have gone on trying to escape as long as I had lived, or rather as long as she had lived. I knelt beside her bed and she put out her arms and laid them around my neck.

"So you have come back to me before I go," she said. "I knew you must, because I called you so. But I knew I had to see you again before I died." I broke down then. I was sorely tried. No arms even to put around her! "Dearest, stay with me for a little, only for a little while!" I sobbed.

She shook her head feebly. "It is no use, dear," she said, "I must go." "I'll come with you," I answered. "I'll not live without you." She shook her head again.

"You must be brave, Fred. I shall be watching you afterwards just as much as if I still lived on earth. If only I could give you my arms! A poor, weak woman's arms, but better than none, dear." She died some weeks later. I spent all the time at her bedside. I hardly left her. Her arms were around me when she died. Shall I ever feel them around me again? I wonder! You see, they are mine now.

"They came to me gradually. It was very strange at first to have arms and hands which one couldn't see. I used to keep my eyes shut as much as possible, and try to fancy that I had never lost my arms. I got used to them in time. But I have always been careful not to let people see me do things that they would know to be impossible for an armless man. That was what took me to Africa again, because I could bury myself there and do things for myself with these hands."

"And they twain shall be one flesh," I muttered. "Yes," he said, "I think the explanation must be something of that sort. There's more than that in it, though; these arms are other than flesh."

He sat silent for a time with his head bowed on his chest. Then he spoke again: "I got sick of being alone at last, and was coming back when I met you at Crooked Stream. I don't know what I shall do when I get home. I can never rest. I have the wanderlust."

"Does she ever speak to you from that other world?" I asked him.

"No, never. But I know she lives somewhere beyond this world of ours. She must, because these arms live. So I try always to act as if she watches everything. I always try to do the right thing, but, anyway, these arms and hands would do good of their own accord. Just now up on the deck I was very frightened. I'd have saved myself at any cost almost, and let you go. But I could not do that. The hands clutched you. It is her will, so much stronger and purer than mine, that still persists. It is only when she does not exert it that I control these arms."

That is how I learned the strangest tale that ever a man was told, and knew the miracle to which I owed my life. It may be that Fred Wilson was a coward. He always said that he was. Personally, I do not believe it, for he had the kindest nature I ever met.

He had nowhere to go in England and seemed to have no friends. So I made him come down with me to Whitecourt, that dear old country home of mine on the Sussex Downs. Peggy lived in that district, too.

There was no reason why we should not get married at once. We had waited long enough. I can see again the old, ivy-grown church where Peggy and I were married, and Fred Wilson standing by my side as best man. I remember fumbling in his pocket for the ring, and as I did so, I felt a hand grasp mine for a moment.

Then there was the reception afterwards, and speech-making—the usual sort of thing. Later Peggy and I drove off to the station. We had not said good-bye to Fred, for he'd insisted on driving to the station with the luggage; said he was going to see the last of us there.

He was waiting for us in the yard when we reached it, and walked with us onto the platform. We stood there chatting about one thing and another, when I noticed that Peggy was not talking much and seemed rather pale. I was just going to remark on it when we heard the whistle of the train. There is a sharp curve in the permanent way outside the station, so that a train is on you all of a sudden.

Suddenly to my horror I saw Peggy sway backwards towards the edge of the platform. I tried vainly to catch her as she reeled and fell—right in front of the oncoming train. I sprang forward to leap after her, but hands grasped me and flung me back so violently that I fell down on the platform. It was Fred Wilson who took the place that should have been mine, and leaped upon the metals.

I could not see what happened then. The station master says he saw Peggy lifted from before the locomotive when it was right upon her. He says it was as if she was lifted by the wind. She was quite close to Wilson. "Near enough for him to have lifted her, sir, if he'd had arms!" The two of them staggered for a moment, and together fell clear of the train.

Peggy was little the worse for the awful accident, bruised, of course, but poor Wilson was unconscious.

We carried him into the waiting room, laid him on the cushions there, and impatiently awaited the arrival of a doctor. He was a good country practitioner, and, I suppose, knew the ordinary routine of his work quite well. He fussed about, hummed and hawed a lot. "Yes, yes," he said, as if he were trying to persuade himself. "Shock, you know. He'll be better presently. Lucky, though, that he had no arms."

(Continued on page 15)

Do Numbers Rule Our Lives?

The Story of Four Lives, by Mary Adams, Numerologist

Everyone is familiar with the lines

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

But how many of us know what our "fate" or destiny is; or what our "soul" is like? Before a captain can lead his troops, he must know how they are equipped; also what and where the point of objective is. Before you can become the master of either a person or a thing, you must know the quality and character of what you want to master. You must understand its nature, and work in harmony with its trends and characteristics, not against them.

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Do our numbers affect our destinies? Do our names really make any difference in what we accomplish or what happens to us? It seems as if by this time, July, 1933, enough facts had been brought forward to prove that numbers actually symbolize our traits; that numbers really do indicate our destiny. Do not misunderstand me and think I am saying that numbers control our lives. They do not. But they have an indisputable influence which can be interpreted unerringly by those who understand. To put it more simply, certain numbers bring certain results, exactly as 2 plus 2 equals 4. But if 4 is not the result you want, then the thing to do is to adjust the numbers till they do indicate the result you desire. The foregoing statements apply to names only.

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Another point to be considered is that every number has its good and its bad aspects—or more correctly, its higher and its lower vibrations,—just as every virtue if carried to extremes, becomes a vice. If a man carries thrift to ex-

trems, he becomes a miser; if he fails to be thrifty, he becomes a spendthrift. If he has the courage to take a chance in some new enterprise, he is considered progressive; but if he lets this trait run away with him, he becomes a gambler and a speculator. Every number has a hidden fire or potency which is good—as long as we control it. If we let this fire control us, we are burned until we can learn our lesson. Those who do not understand this hidden force, stumble along until something makes them realize their error; or, if they are never awakened from their ignorance, then I believe we might be justified in saying, "His numbers have controlled his destiny," because unwittingly, he was functioning in inharmony, which results in evil—and did not know the way out.

Some of the worst criminals in the world have the same numbers as some of the greatest men. How can it be otherwise, since there are only 9 digits and millions and millions of people? Yet remember the combinations of these 9 digits is practically infinite, and each combination, if harmonized and controlled is good; if it controls you, the result is more or less bad.

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Mary Adams

and thus give "eyes" to Destiny (or fate) which is so often called "blind."

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(Continued on page 20)

The Phantom Arms

By ERIC FELSAR

(Continued from last month)

IN that instant I felt fingers tighten on my arm, tighten till they bit into the flesh, and I was pulled back to safety. Together we staggered back, and got below somehow. I was trembling like a leaf, and the nervous sweat dripped from me. I almost screamed aloud. It was not that I was frightened of death. I've seen too much of that in many parts of the earth to dread it greatly. It was the thought of those fingers tightening on me where no fingers were.

Wilson did not speak a word, nor did I, until we found ourselves in the cabin. I tore the wet clothes off me and turned my arm to the mirror. I knew I could not have been mistaken when I felt them. There on the upper arm, above the line of sunburn that one gets from working with sleeves rolled up, there on the white skin showed the red marks of four slender fingers and a thumb! I sat down suddenly at sight of them, and pulling open a drawer found a flask of neat brandy, and gulped it down, emptied it in one gulp. Then I turned to Wilson and pointed to the marks.

"In God's name, how came these here?" I said. "What—what happened up there on deck?" He looked at me very gravely. "I saved you," he said, "or rather I didn't, for I could not. But she did."

"What do you mean?" I stammered.

"Let me get these clothes off," he said, "and some dry ones on; and I'll tell you."

Words fail to describe my feelings as I watched the clothes come off him and dry ones go on just as if hands were arranging them. I sat and shuddered. I tried to close my eyes, but the weird, unnatural sight drew them as a lodestone.

"I'm sorry that you should have had this shock," he said. "I know what it must have been like, though it was not so bad for me when they seemed to come, for they came gradually as time went on."

"What came gradually?" I asked.

"Why, these arms! They're what I'm telling you about. You asked me to tell you, I thought?"

"Did I?" I said, "I don't know what I'm saying or asking. I think I'm going mad, quite mad."

"No," he said, "you're as sane as I am, only when you come across something strange, unique for that matter, you are naturally terrified. Well, it was like this. I told you about my adventures with the blacks up country. That was quite true. They cut off both my arms—you can see the stumps for that matter. And I told you that I came home to find my wife dying. Her heart had always been weak, I'd known that, and it had gradually grown more feeble. There must have been, indeed there was, a strange sort of telepathy between us. She had had fearful heart attacks on both occasions when the blacks had

mutilated me, I learned on comparing notes.

"But I had known too, somehow, that I must escape at all costs. It was the knowledge that made me try again after each failure. I should have gone on trying to escape as long as I had lived, or rather as long as she had lived. I knelt beside her bed and she put out her arms and laid them around my neck.

"So you have come back to me before I go," she said. 'I knew you must, because I called you so. But I knew I had to see you again before I died.' I broke down then. I was sorely tried. No arms even to put around her! 'Dearest, stay with me for a little, only for a little while!' I sobbed.

She shook her head feebly. 'It is no use, dear,' she said, 'I must go.' 'I'll come with you,' I answered. 'I'll not live without you.' She shook her head again.

"You must be brave, Fred. I shall be watching you afterwards just as much as if I still lived on earth. If only I could give you my arms! A poor, weak woman's arms, but better than none, dear.' She died some weeks later. I spent all the time at her bedside. I hardly left her. Her arms were around me when she died. Shall I ever feel them around me again? I wonder! You see, they are mine now.

"They came to me gradually. It was very strange at first to have arms and hands which one couldn't see. I used to keep my eyes shut as much as possible, and try to fancy that I had never lost my arms. I got used to them in time. But I have always been careful not to let people see me do things that they would know to be impossible for an armless man. That was what took me to Africa again, because I could bury myself there and do things for myself with these hands."

"And they twain shall be one flesh," I muttered. "Yes," he said, "I think the explanation must be something of that sort. There's more than that in it, though; these arms are other than flesh."

He sat silent for a time with his head bowed on his chest. Then he spoke again: "I got sick of being alone at last, and was coming back when I met you at Crooked Stream. I don't know what I shall do when I get home. I can never rest. I have the wanderlust."

"Does she ever speak to you from that other world?" I asked him.

"No, never. But I know she lives somewhere beyond this world of ours. She must, because these arms live. So I try always to act as if she watches everything. I always try to do the right thing, but, anyway, these arms and hands would do good of their own accord. Just now up on the deck I was very frightened. I'd have saved myself at any cost almost, and let you go. But I could not do that. The hands clutched you. It is her will, so much stronger and purer than mine, that still persists. It is only when she does not exert it that I control these arms."

That is how I learned the strangest tale that ever a man was told, and knew the miracle to which I owed my life. It may be that Fred Wilson was a coward. He always said that he was. Personally, I do not believe it, for he had the kindest nature I ever met.

He had nowhere to go in England and seemed to have no friends. So I made him come down with me to Whitecourt, that dear old country home of mine on the Sussex Downs. Peggy lived in that district, too.

There was no reason why we should not get married at once. We had waited long enough. I can see again the old, ivy-grown church where Peggy and I were married, and Fred Wilson standing by my side as best man. I remember fumbling in his pocket for the ring, and as I did so, I felt a hand grasp mine for a moment.

Then there was the reception afterwards, and speech-making—the usual sort of thing. Later Peggy and I drove off to the station. We had not said good-bye to Fred, for he'd insisted on driving to the station with the luggage; said he was going to see the last of us there.

He was waiting for us in the yard when we reached it, and walked with us onto the platform. We stood there chatting about one thing and another, when I noticed that Peggy was not talking much and seemed rather pale. I was just going to remark on it when we heard the whistle of the train. There is a sharp curve in the permanent way outside the station, so that a train is on you all of a sudden.

Suddenly to my horror I saw Peggy sway backwards towards the edge of the platform. I tried vainly to catch her as she reeled and fell—right in front of the oncoming train. I sprang forward to leap after her, but hands grasped me and flung me back so violently that I fell down on the platform. It was Fred Wilson who took the place that should have been mine, and leaped upon the metals.

I could not see what happened then. The station master says he saw Peggy lifted from before the locomotive when it was right upon her. He says it was as if she was lifted by the wind. She was quite close to Wilson. "Near enough for him to have lifted her, sir, if he'd had arms!" The two of them staggered for a moment, and together fell clear of the train.

Peggy was little the worse for the awful accident, bruised, of course, but poor Wilson was unconscious.

We carried him into the waiting room, laid him on the cushions there, and impatiently awaited the arrival of a doctor. He was a good country practitioner, and, I suppose, knew the ordinary routine of his work quite well. He fussed about, hummed and hawed a lot. "Yes, yes," he said, as if he were trying to persuade himself. "Shock, you know. He'll be better presently. Lucky, though, that he had no arms."

(Continued on page 15)

Do Numbers Rule Our Lives?

The Story of Four Lives, by Mary Adams, Numerologist

Everyone is familiar with the lines

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

But how many of us know what our "fate" or destiny is; or what our "soul" is like? Before a captain can lead his troops, he must know how they are equipped; also what and where the point of objective is. Before you can become the master of either a person or a thing, you must know the quality and character of what you want to master. You must understand its nature, and work in harmony with its trends and characteristics, not against them.

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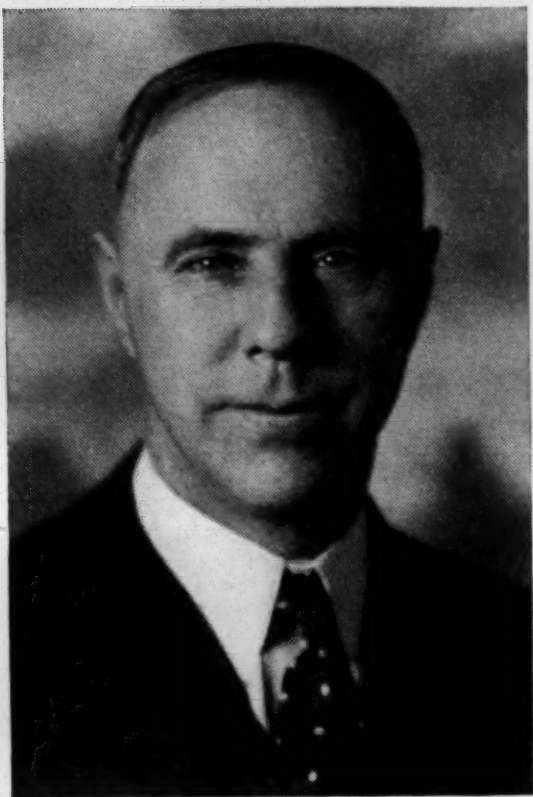
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The Bible Mirroring the Plan of the Universe Through the Great Intellectual Zodiac

By A. GARFIELD WILDREN

Minister of the Enumeration and Bible Numerologist



A. Garfield Wildren

(Continued from last month)

THIS "Serpent Knowledge" Moses brought out of Egypt with him, having been trained in all the wisdom of the Ancient Egyptians who were the offspring of the 4,000 Atlantean children left in Egypt before the great transmutation of the Atlanteans took place, previous to this Gemini Age. The serpent is known as the great beast of Concentration; he is more subtle than any beast of the field (Gen. 3). The serpent charms or draws to him much of his food. The great python has much drawing power.

So we understand that in this age the sun was transiting the sign Gemini between 6000 and 4000 B. C. the race would become highly intelligent through the development of mind power. This serpent people or the Totem descendants were traced through the female line and had Adam and Eve been the progenitors of the human race an account of them should have been traced in the female line, rather than in the male line. Or rather a Totem should have been mentioned instead of a God. Since Adam was a race of people rather than an individual, the Lilliths, known as Adam's first wife, whom tradition says Lillith was said to have been a snake-headed woman who became a demon and went about in the Air-Gemini Age, and that Lillith was snake-headed, indicates that they were connected with the serpent people.

Now the serpent people were closely associated with the Adamites and just previous to Adam and Eve or the Evites, a people existed known as the Serpent

Totem. After the overthrow of the Totemic-Pillars of Gemini Age system of worship, and the substitution of the male line of descent for the female line the origin of their belief was forgotten.

This leads us to the beginning of Genesis where is brought in the Adam and Eve serpent and the apples of knowledge or date palm, the staple food which man then learned was very exhilarating; therefore the date palm became the Tree of Knowledge, because in the Animistic system of Gemini—the visions of savage man attained him his wisdom.

TAURUS AGE—EARTH PERIOD

This now brings us to 4004 B. C., the date of the first chapter of Genesis, where the long line of the male descendants (Gen. chapter 5) began to worship the Lord God as mentioned in Genesis, chapter 3—the Lord God called unto Adam.

We now come to a more clear conception of the plan of the universe as outlined through the great astrological wheel of destiny and just how our scriptures were written by the science of Numerology.

Taurus Age Number 2 a Feminine Age, a cunning, shrewd, psychic, tactful, diplomatic Earth Age and the woman is first brought to the 56-11(20)

front here along with the man or male part of man. This Age of Taurus, whose ruler is Venus, planet of Love, Art, Woman, Home, and Beauty, are likewise attributes expressed in this great age as well as the development of the Earth, especially the surface of the Earth. The Taurus symbol is the ox. The opposite pole of Taurus, which is the outward manifestation, is Scorpio, the loins or sex manifesting the beginning of the great Iron Age of 6,480 years' duration, which period began 3999 B. C. In Gen., chapter 3, is given much of the explanation of this wonderful Earth period, that of the conquering of the Earth. It explains how the Serpent of Gemini beguiled Eve and how the worship of God after this manner would die out, how the serpent (Wisdom) was to crawl on its belly in the dust, how the knowledge for that period would be given the people through the development of the Earth, how the Lord God would put enmity between them for the race was now to come under a different influence and the knowledge they would acquire would now focus through Taurus and Venus, Scorpio and dominant fiery Mars, and the things of the Earth.

Unto the woman he said, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception."

God knew man would fall through the opposite pole Scorpio and dominant

Mars, through sex. This influence would be too strong for the milder love qualities of Venus in the sign Taurus. The evidence is very conclusive here in the Bible, concerning the age of Taurus, 4000 B. C., for it states God turned Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden to till the soil, and said, "Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. Thou shalt eat the herb of the field." Taurus is known as the real estate sign, the surface of the Earth. He clothed them with skins, the soul was here clothed with a physical body, man's descent into the Earth, for Earth experience. The soul of man must therefore weave its garment from the experience of the four elements of air, earth, fire, and water, the three trinities.

We also find that Eve gave birth to CAIN

3195-18(9) whose soul had now evolved through the elementary school of Earth experience. Nine is completeness, finality. A nine who has learned all lessons may not require to re-incarnate further, yet belongs to the elementary

ABEL

school of evolvment. While 1253-11 was a master, similar to JESUS-11.

We find that Cain brought his offering of the fruit of the ground, such as grain, but this was not accepted by the Lord as the true worship. While Abel, a more highly evolved soul and enlightened in astrology, brought the firstlings of his flock; the bullock, knowing full well that the bullock the symbol of Taurus Age was the proper symbol by which he was to approach the Lord God in worship. So he slew the bullock, built an altar and burned this flesh and blood, the life thereof, as a sacrifice unto God. This sacrifice the Lord accepted as the true worship. In Gen., chapter 4, we read about the cattle and the artificer in brass and iron. We read in Gen., chapter 11, 2347 B. C., how they became one people, one language, they had arrived at one understanding of all things and as they journeyed from the East (east for wisdom), they decided to build them a city and a great tower whose top might reach into Heaven. They had conquered the Earth, for it says in another place there were giants in the earth in those days; they had built great earth works as well and there was also danger of their separating from the Lord God and His Heaven.

AGE OF ARIES

Following the eleventh chapter of Genesis concerning the Earth period, we find Gen., chapter 12, starts off with GOD

the call of ABRAM. 764-17-(8) called ABRAM

12914-17(8) and in seventeenth chap-

ter, 1 plus 7 are (8) he changed his name, adding the fifth letter of the Hebrew alphabet Hei as Abra-ha-m, using Vibration or Numerology and making the name measuring value ABRAHAM

1291814-26(8), causing the name to DOLLAR

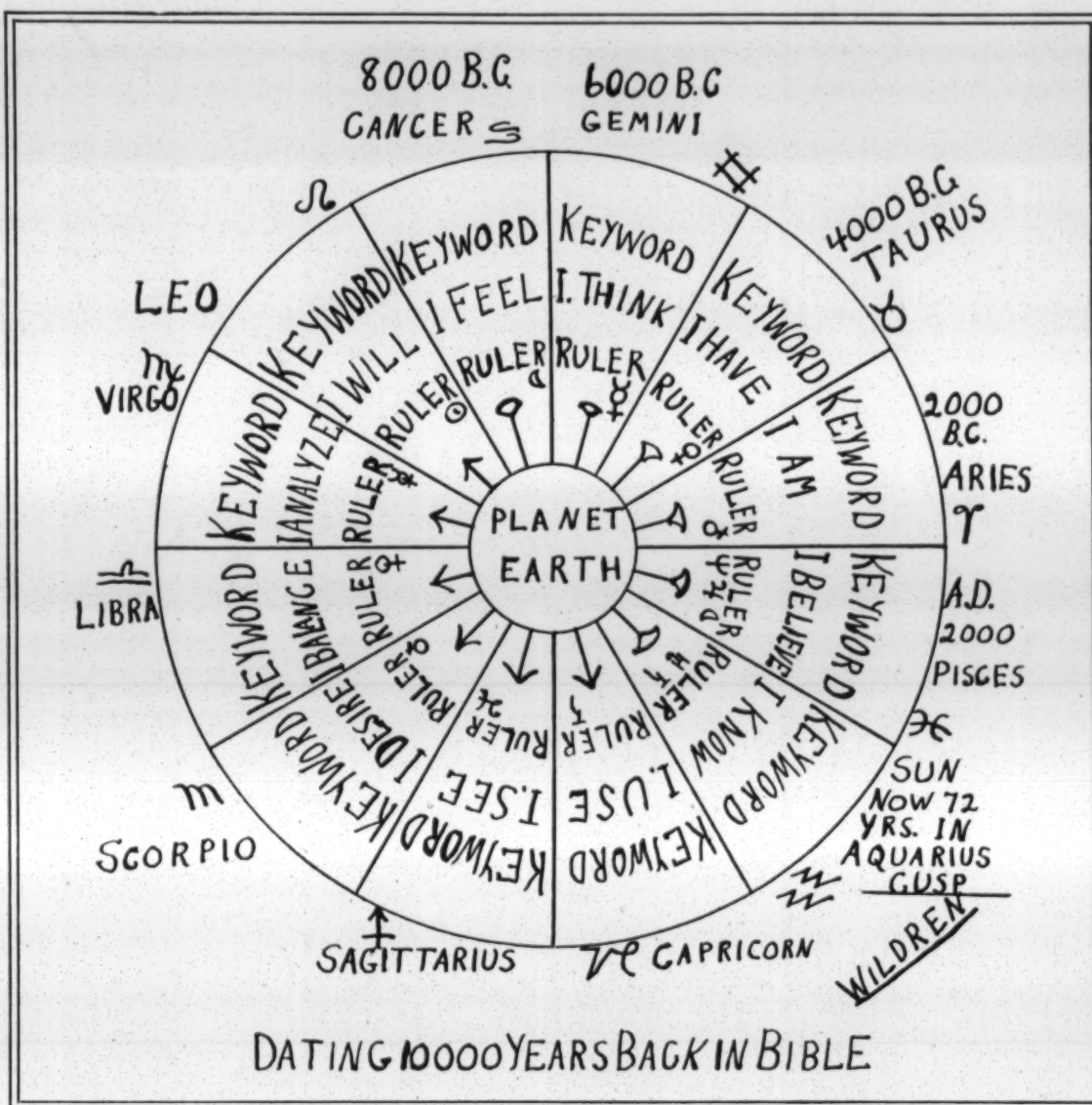
vibrate to the 463319-26(8) and to PROSPERITY(8) also changing the name SARAI, putting the "H" in her name. This age of Aries was a Fire Age, whose ruler was Mars, and a head sign, symbol a ram, whose opposite pole is Libra. The ruler of Libra is Venus, the sign Libra the peacemaker, harmonizer, the scales or the balance. Now Aries is the spiritual fire sign, or spiritual law giver and the key-word is "I AM."

After Abram and Sarai were renamed, they journeyed into Egypt for knowledge and after coming up out of Egypt some time later we read in Gen., chapter 14, Abraham's battle with the four kings. You will read that he took 318 trained servants. Why 318? The measuring value of 318 is 3 plus 1 plus 8 is 12 and 12 is the number of dominion, or government, and Abram won. Twelve stands for power.

Here Abram encountered also King Melchizedek of Salem and he gave tithes to Melchizedek, the priest of the Most High God. Here we get our first lesson on the law of the tithe, in this spiritual fire sign of Aries. Most of our Christianity or Churchanity have sadly neglected to observe this law of the tithe; if they would strictly enforce this tithing, to set aside one-tenth of all they possess, their churches would have plenty of funds to carry on all work.

Here in the fifteenth chapter of Genesis the Lord comes to Abram in a vision and awakens his soul to the I AM consciousness within him; I AM, the key-word for Aries. This we see is dated B. C. 1918, the beginning of the Aries Age, when the solar sun by precession of the Equinox would be transiting Aries and influencing the race in its knowledge gathered through the key-word "I AM" and its symbol, the ram.

The way the race was to worship God through Abraham and his seed is explained very clearly to us in Ch. 22, a chapter with a master number a 22 vibration, in which God tempted Abraham a master scion of God and Isaac his son. Abraham was to journey to Moriah, one of the hills of Jerusalem and offer his son Isaac for a burnt offering. This was B.C. 1898. Abraham did as God directed and made Isaac ready for the sacrifice; but God provided the sacrifice, 13th verse "And Abraham lifted up his eyes." Always it was lifted UP; Moses lifted UP the serpent—Christ on the Cross was lifted up; Abraham lifted up his eyes AND looked' and behold behind him a RAM caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the RAM (the symbol for Aries) and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. This sacrifice of lambs went on for nearly 2,000 years. This firstborn, Aries the



lamb representing the head in the human being, that which speaks and glorifies God, is given in Exodus 11—when the firstborn of the Egyptians B.C. 1491 should die; every household was to sacrifice a lamb, one without blemish and a male of the first year "and they shall take of the blood and strike it upon the two sides and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it."

They were to roast it with fire, and eat the flesh and bitter herbs. This command was given to IS-RA-EL (Fiery Lamb of God) and that which remained was to be burned with fire (Exod. 11 and 12).

All this was to be carried out in the age of Aries, under fiery Mars, that planet which rules iron and steel.

In this Aries Age of iron and steel, we find Elisha a highly evolved prophet, who as given in second Kings 6th Ch. had so conquered this Iron Age that he caused iron to swim. Just previous to this Elisha had raised from the dead the Shunamite's son. This was some 900 years before Christ arrived on Earth.

The chariot of fire, 1st Kings Ch. 2 "Never-the-less if thou see me when 'I am' (key-word for Aries) taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee." Verse 11 tells how Elijah went up into Heaven in a chariot of fire by a whirlwind, how he had evolved to conquer the fire element of Aries and through the co-worker, Libra (air)—the whirlwind took him up. Since the co-worker of Aries is Libra in that age we find that money was first weighed out. Abram weighed out money, Libra being the balance and scales.

In conclusion we find that the Taurus Age through its co-worker Scorpio had brought the fall of man through sex, and man fell by the wrong use of sex to great depths (read Gen. 19- about Lot and the Angels.) Through Aries Age following Taurus—through Abraham, and the spiritual fire sign of Aries, the race was to start on a spiritual redemption period. This brings us down to the Age of Pisces.

AGE OF PISCES

The age of Pisces was ushered in some 2,000 years ago, known as the Deep Water Age, whose planetary influence was to be under mystical Neptune, expansive Jupiter and changeable Moon. Its opposite pole and co-worker is Virgo (see illustration) whose ruler is the planet Mercury, also changeable and whose key-word is "I Analyze." The predominating key-word for the age of Pisces is "I Believe." Thus starts the dispensation of the gospels of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ; or the animal LAMB

3142-10 (1) of Aries manifesting in the human flesh, 64-10 (I) generations after the male line of ADAM

1414-10 (I) and forty-two generations after Abraham. There are four distinct periods from Adam to Christ, viz., 22 generations from Adam to Abraham (22 represents a Master, Abram was one); three distinct fourteen-year periods from Abraham to Christ.

This Age of Pisces would carry with it much sorrow, as both Pisces and

(Continued on page 13)

Does Death End All?

By MRS. GERALDINE WOOD

THIS STORY is just another illustration of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. In the first place I am a spirit medium, not one of the kind you read about, "with a long, flowing robe, a glazed eye, and a ball of crystal in your hand." Oh, no, that kind went out of style ages ago. I'm a modern medium, just one of the hundreds you find on the platforms of America today. They "work" in the spiritualist churches and give people messages from their dead friends and relatives. And I mean dead friends and relatives. You say, "It's the bunk." No, it's not the bunk. It's absolutely true. The dead do return and try to get some sort of message across to those they have left behind. You would yourself. If you went to Omaha you'd write back and say, "Arrived safely. All's well." You wouldn't think is necessary to say, "Tell them I'm alive," the message so many spirits send back.

And let me give you a tip right here. The reason so many spirit messages go astray and lack recognition is because the medium is not yet developed so she can receive properly. We mediums are just beginning to get recognition here in America and we need encouragement and lots of it. We want you to come and say, "That's fine," and give us a hand, and then we'll do better and more people will want to be mediums and we'll have some competition in this line, which will weed out the poor workers the same as it does in any other line of work.

Now to begin my story, which is not a funny one at all, but a deadly serious one—and true. I will lay my hand on the Bible and swear that it is true; moreover, it is both my duty and desire to tell it to others. We've lived long enough in the mazes of doubt and ignorance. It's time we woke up and understood that "dead" people do live again and are trying to get back for recognition. Talk about trying to get messages from Mars. Try and get some from your folks once; they are nearer to you. And think what such a knowledge and understanding would do to your life. You'd say, "Why I am going to meet Dad again. I'll have to brush up. I'll want him to say, 'I'm proud to meet you again, my son.'" It's a long way to that meeting sometimes, but it's an inevitable one.

I had a son once, a boy who graduated from his high school with honors. I loved that boy and it was a severe test of my faith when he went. He knew about spirit return and he was proud because his mother was a medium. It is an honor to be a true medium. I hope you see it that way. It is an honor to be chosen and trained for your work by teachers from the other side.

After my son died I mourned, as mothers do. It didn't matter if he did live in spirit, I missed him so. I missed all the little intimacies of our daily

lives. I missed his coming in from school, throwing his books down, saying he was hungry, and when would we eat. We were all of us all broken up.

And then one night (this was after my boy passed on), I was asleep; something startled me ever so slightly and I fell into a trance state. I'm used to trances. I found myself sitting before a parted curtain. A woman's hand, small and firm, reached out and took mine and I heard my boy's voice speaking again to me as plain as he ever spoke on earth, and the vision of a returning ship was shown to me. Its colors were more vivid than any I have ever seen on earth. My son had been sailing just a month before he died. All this took but a minute—I could not stay long, for I felt weak, but, oh, so satisfied.

A week or so afterward the same thing occurred again. I was startled from sleep and found myself walking about a room in which I had never been. On a snowy counterpane before me the body of my son slowly materialized. I spoke with difficulty, for speech seemed to me nearly, if not quite impossible. I said, "G—, you have come to see mother." But my boy screamed out in pain and sorrow at my words because of our separation, and in less than a second he was gone from me again.

Now, these are not dreams. I have often dreamed of my son. I have walked and talked with him in scenes so real that I could not doubt but that it was my spirit son I met again and talked with. Nor are these the clairvoyant visions which the entranced mediums describe to you from the platforms. These are in the nature of materializations, a nearer, and, I may say, a dearer return to earth, but a more difficult one.

These were my boy's returns to me. But I also went to him and of this I must tell you; first, a trance is a condition in which the spirit leaves the body. It is weakening and I would not advise you to try it unless it is natural to you, as it seems to be for some. In this state of trance I found myself near an old barn. Two boys on bicycles rode into the barn. One of these boys was my son. As he turned I called out to him. He heard my voice and with the greatest difficulty, for moving was well nigh impossible, I walked to him and kissed him on the forehead. His face was as firm and as solid as mine is. He was real, real, I tell you and living. I could not stay. In spirit messages they tell you so many times, "I can't stay" and the medium will say, "I can't hold the spirit." If you knew the difficulties we have to overcome to give you the least

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OCCULT AND PSY

TOLD BY O

The Astral Vision

By NORRIS CHAMBERS

I WAS sitting comfortably in a padded armchair, reading a book on psychic evolution, when I slowly drifted into a light sleep. It was filled with vivid dreams and visions.

In my dream I suddenly seemed to be hovering over my sleeping form. Apparently I could look from the top of the room and see my still body in the chair, the opened book in my lap. I thought, in the vision, that I was connected to my body by a slender, silken cord, which apparently grew finer as I seemed to grow farther from my old earth shell.

Then in the vision I seemed to see below me the town where I lived. I had, in the dream, drawn out of sight of my room and sleeping body. I thought I was getting farther away, but I was still connected to my old "hull" by that slender silken cord.

There suddenly came over me a dreamy desire to cut the strand, go free and no longer suffer under that old "hull." In my vision I longed for a place of rest; I was tired of earth life. I pined for a place where there would be eternal rest—spiritual rest—mental rest...

Of a sudden, in my dream, I seemed to be moving through a fog. I was conscious of the fact that this was far from my earthly existence. Unconsciously I knew that I was in "The Astral World" that I had been reading about before the vision had begun.

There was no diffusion of walls or objects, although, in my dream, as I glided through the fog I could see countless numbers of sleeping forms. These were white and ethereal, seemingly made of smoke or vapor. For the first time since I had entered the vision I took note of my form; it was white and ethereal like a sleeper's.

Could it be possible, I thought, that this was not a dream and I was dead? Could these be the sensations following death?

A voice seemed to fill my dream, although I knew it was making no noise. "This is the Astral World," it seemed to be stating, "and this is where the souls of the dead manifest. It is divided into many planes," the voice continued, "or many resting quarters. Each is a little higher than the other in the spiritual development of its resters.

"When someone dies," the voice continued to fill my dream, "if he is high in intellectual faculties, his soul goes to a high plane. If he is gross and undeveloped, his soul goes to a low plane. The higher planes afford more com-

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CHIC & EXPERIENCES

UR READERS

Werewolf

By MAURICE C. RUSSELL

{Vouched for by the author}

THE PAST three years found me living in the mountains of north Georgia, partly because I thought it salutary for my none too robust health, but mainly to shape into story form my voluminous notes. The atmosphere and solitude proved beneficial to both beyond my most hopeful expectations. There is, however, one story I brought out of those highlands that I did not derive from the notes I took into them. It's a tale of the occult, not as worthy of those majestic hills nor as sublimated as I might wish, but, nevertheless, weird and interesting.

During the second year of my sojourn a queer fellow by the name of Carl Janus moved into a dilapidated hut a few miles down the valley. Physically he was an anomaly; short, slender legs supporting a torso and shoulders that were magnificent. Such upper muscular development on so small a man gave him an incongruous appearance. He wasn't deformed, yet somehow you got the impression that he was. His face, to say the least, was ugly. Judging from his features, I should say he was a Mexican. A brutal countenance, made more ferocious by a black beard that failed to conceal the powerful jaw muscles. Shaggy brows lent a cunning, sneaking, sinister expression to his eyes. His nose was large with dilated nostrils and his teeth accentuated his malicious mien. Two in particular were similar to fangs, long and protruding. His hairy hands with their long dirty nails greatly resembled claws; in short, he presented a most formidable and animal-like appearance. It wasn't until later that I realized just what animal he resembled.

Of course nobody liked him. The mountaineers, aside from their innate distrust, were afraid of him and I for one, was decidedly glad that the three Bald Mountains and the river were between his place and mine.

Well, within two months after his settling on the ridge three people were attacked by a ferocious animal conflictly described as a wolf, a wildcat, or a huge dog. Other assaults followed and finally one dark night two men who had imbibed too freely of the contents of a little brown jug were killed. Their bodies were horribly mutilated, throats torn away and their torsos ripped open from neck to stomach.

The mountain-folk were terrified, but with all their superstition they never entertained the thoughts I did regarding the matter. I was satisfied from the first that the beast was a wolf. I've

studied to some extent the hidden side of things and the fact that the attacks were timed with the arrival of Carl Janus was most significant to me. In desperation a posse was organized that roamed the woods night after night in search of the beast. But the animal seemed to have human intelligence, so successful was it in avoiding the searchers.

Of course Janus didn't join the posse, but there's something important in connection with his refusal. One of the young men approached him at his hut one evening to ask him to help in the hunt. It seems that Janus' refusal was decidedly heated and discourteous. One word led to another and finally they came to blows. The boy says that Janus fought like a wild animal and actually tried to bite him in the throat. After the scuffle he discovered, too, that his shirt had been ripped completely open.

Well, the searchers never found the animal at all, but one night one of the mountaineers, Soll Pritchard, was returning from a little town just across the state line. He had been down to buy some farm implements, among which was a three-pronged pitchfork. He was, of course, on the lookout for the animal and had his gun lying beside him on the wagon seat. He was coming along cautiously and had just covered most of the road around Little Bald Mountain when suddenly his horse bolted and whinnied in terror. Soll hadn't seen its approach, but there on a huge boulder beside the road, crouching ready to spring, was the wolf!

Soll said afterwards that he felt as if it were a horrible nightmare, during which he acted mechanically. He reached for his gun and instead of grabbing it, in his excitement he knocked it off onto the ground. He couldn't climb down for the gun, so he reached over the back seat for the first thing he could lay his hand on. At that moment the beast sprang. Fortunately Soll grasped the pitchfork and just as he brought it around in front of him the animal reached him—and was impaled upon the three prongs of the implement. Soll didn't wait to see if he had killed the animal; on the contrary, forgetting horse and wagon, he lit off down the road and ran the remaining two miles home. Searchers the next morning found the bloody pitchfork, but no wolf. They never have, and neither have they been bothered by it since. As far as the mountaineers are concerned, that's the end of the story. But there's one more episode that interests me.

For three weeks after the killing of the animal no one saw Carl Janus. People wondered and remarked upon it, but, though suspicious, none were curi-

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I and the Father Are ONE

By ANN C. RODGERS

EVER SINCE mankind has been able to stand upright he has believed in some kind of a deity and worshiped him. Uncivilized or civilized, god worship always was. It is inborn in Man to believe in a Being who made him. No one can look towards the sun, which gives us light, or the stars in their march across the heavens nor watch the raising of seed, each after its own kind, and see the wondrous order of nature, and still doubt that there is a God.

Religion should be a study of involution and evolution, a study of every phase of nature and of Man, for without this we cannot know God. Religion for every man should be the living up to the highest and best in himself and treating his fellow man as if that other were himself. It should be the love of the good, the doing of right and listening more to the voice within than from the things that are.

Men build edifices, spend millions upon marble and stone wherein to worship a God who needs none of these things. For men build these mansions of stone to make other men of other creeds jealous, and to impress a world of what power they hold. But God is not there! Money and influence and power of a worldly sort, YES, but God is none of these things. We are so apt to mistake theology for religion.

We send our children to church to learn writings in the Bible, which they cannot understand and which most teachers cannot explain rightly. We ourselves do not believe nor understand many of these things. But we believe our children must have religious training and we send them into church to find God. And, alas, some day the child becomes the man, who can think for himself and then spends years unlearning the things we were anxious for him to learn in his youth. We do not know what God is. We place Him far off somewhere and feel if we do not KNOW the Bible we can't know anything about God. So we read the Bible, and we learn that we are poor worms of the dust, and that God visits plagues and floods upon us, and favors one race better than another and so helps one-half of his children to fight another half of his children and slay them. Yet all through this we say, God is Love. In our lives we are unhappy, we are poor and miserable and long suffering and say, "God wills it so." And we are willing to use these outworn traditions and beliefs and have our children learn of them. And some day we awaken to the fact that theology is not religion. That God is nearer than hands and feet but we knew it not. That we have searched far and wide for THAT which was not in any stone or marble house of worship, but was here in our hearts all the while, but we were never still long enough to find HIM. That which we

(Continued on page 19)

The Poets' Page

I Am Success

by ELLEN NICHOLS

I am Success . . . I wear a magic smile
For those that seek my graces. All I
ask
Is that my followers consider me worth
while,
And work contentedly at every task.

I am Success . . . I will not pass you by,
If you will laugh at worry, and refuse
To shrink and groan because adversity
draws nigh;
But say with all your might: I can-
not lose.

I am Success . . . I will not turn my back
On you because you've been a worth-
less pawn;
But I will go with you and fill each lack,
If you will go with me to face the
dawn.

I am Success . . . I want to be your
friend,
I want to help you do the things
you've planned;
I want to prove that life does not intend
To rule by laws that you can't under-
stand.

I am Success . . . I'll help you sing your
song.
I'll help you laugh with joy because
I'm here.
I'll help you choose the right and leave
the wrong;
I'll help you keep grim pain from
drawing near.

I am Success . . . Oh yes, I am Suc-
cess . . .
You'll grow to know me and you'll
love me, too,
If you will face the world and say:
God Bless
The thoughts I think . . . likewise the
things I do.

Men . . . Women

by ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

We meet men and women in the street.
Their clothes are inside out.
Their hats are put on backward.
Shall we say to them:
"Take your hats and clothes off
And adjust yourselves?"
Or must we bow to them and pass on?
The men will say to a bill collector:
"I am glad to see you,"
And to his rich uncle:
"I am glad you are well."
The women will whisper to their hus-
bands:
"I love you,"
And to their fat neighbor they will say:
"How slim you are!"
Men and women pass us in the street,
Clothes inside out—
Hats put on backward—
They bow . . . I bow . . .
And walk on—silently.

Creation

by BESSIE ALTMAN

Nature had a pleasant thought, so the
rose was born,
Then she had a mean one, that put on
the thorn.
Then came her penitence, the cactus
grim, forlorn,
And how she tried to make amends is
golden, tasseled corn.

When Nature had a temper, great rocks
bulged in sight,
Ashamed, she then grew woods to
cover up the blight.
All the grewsome, creepy things, they
surely are a fright,
So over them Old Nature spreads the
cover of the night.

When she feels good-natured, wild
flowers come to earth,
When she has a stingy streak, then we
have a dearth,
Lovely blossoms, stars and such, her
goodness gave them birth,
All the queer little funny things are
outgrowth of her mirth.

So now you see how everything comes
from Nature's Soul,
Yes, even we are but a part of the
rather humorous whole,
Still must we make the very best of
our own little role,
Tho' alas, I cannot help but see "it's
all so very droll."

Pools at Sunrise

by PAUL JANS

While noiselessly the deeper rivers run,
Stagnant pools, in pride, point out fair
lilies spun
Where lotus spread sweet petals one
by one . . .
In their silence, to the splendor of the
sun.

A Pool at Sunset

Pink porcelain lilies on the pool
Mat the surface, cupped and cool . . .
Rocks rear roughly, moss the border,
Green, in reflecting placid water.

A white swan crosses, sweeps aside
Scum and pads with graceful glide—
The orange sunset travels toward—
Lies like a lengthening, rusted sword.
(After reading Sacheverell Sitwell.)

My Soul

Had sought the sunset in the west
And found the fiery cross,
The while my feet caught velvet-
pressed
Against a lowly moss,

The blameless cross that set aflame
An urge which would not die
Until consumed by all, that came—
Before the twilight sky.

Time's Promise

by R. O. WARREN

There is a key that will unlock
The secrets of the mind;
The use of which will unfold
The powers that are Divine.

There is a plane where one may stand
And view life's stormy sea;
With calm control and holy trust
In God's eternity.

There is a place for one and all
Beyond the present hour,
Which may bring to every soul
The growth of silent power.

There is a better time to come,
As visions point the way,
For every living soul who breathes
Upon this earth of clay.

There are tomorrows that are sure
For creatures great or small,
That bring with them new hope and joy
Since nature sounds the call.

There is a song for every heart
To stir their life anew;
Turning the clouds of darkest day
Into a sky of blue.

There is a hope for every life
There is a promise true.
There is reward for every strife;
There is a harvest due.

Truth

by LILLIAN RICH

Truth—I seek you!
Sometimes I have thee in my grasp, but
thou art so illusive—
You vanish like some misty phantom,
leaving only a lingering essence.

Shall I find thee in Dogma, Form or
Creed?
Nay!—the inner voice replies.

I search in many books—new and rare;
written by gigantic minds of philos-
opher and seer . . .
Which satisfies the intellect,
But fails to soothe the heart.

Truth—Art thou the Universal Ques-
tion Mark?

Then Lo! I hear the clear tones of the
nightingale calling its mate in yonder
tree, and at my feet the faint scent of
the rose reminds me of its unfolding
beauty . . . and a baby's face smiles
lovingly into mine.

Truth—I have solved your mystery!

Thou art the SONG of the bird . . . the
BEAUTY of the rose . . . and the
LIFE of the child.
THOU ART ALL . . . THE ABSO-
LUTE.

The Bible Mirroring—(Continued from page 9)

Virgo are signs or houses of affliction. Pisces the twelfth sign and House of Sorrow through afflictions, emanates treachery, malice, persecution, secret enemies, treason; while the sixth house, that of Virgo would bring sickness, disappointments, worries, labor troubles, criticisms, inferiors and servants. This age, just ended, has brought to the race all these things, but through the keywords "I believe" and "I analyze," the problem as to how to overcome these sorrows has been dealt with throughout the world. As Aries symbolized the descent of Spirit into matter, to make man a living soul, through the I AM consciousness, gained in that age, so now in Pisces the Fishes, this "I M" consciousness was to bring a 14-14 (5)

greater fullness through the CHRIST 389912-32 (5) consciousness, or two units of 9 each, indicating a more intense consciousness. A Master was to be sent in the 12th or 3 age, a decidedly masculine age, when man would rule and govern almost exclusively. This Piscean Age being an age of sorrow and sickness, this Master Jesus was to teach man how to overcome his sorrows and sickness through the application and use of this growing Christ consciousness, this electric body Christ, the offspring of Pure Light. For this sorrowful age of Pisces, a Man of Sorrows was born who was to implant this Christ teaching in the hearts of both Jew and Gentile.

It is said he was born of a virgin, the sign Virgo, the only symbol of woman in the Zodiac, and Virgo correlating with Pisces, would be the outward form or vehicle through which the body of Jesus would manifest. Mary was especially prepared as a vessel to bring in this Ego or great Avatar and rear him for that purpose. After eighteen years of instruction in the great monasteries and mystery schools of India, and Egypt, Jesus set out on His mission.

Pisces being a Fish sign, Jesus chose twelve apostles, many of them fishermen, twelve being the number of government and to correspond to the twelve tribes of Is-ra-el. Out of his teaching sprang Christianity and as time went on, from Paul's teaching came Churchanity of today.

To symbolize to the race just what Pisces meant through this great Wheel of the Zodiac, JESUS took 2 Fishes, 15131-11-(2)

the symbol of Pisces and 5 loaves, the symbol of CHRIST

389912-32-(5)—2 plus 5 is 7, representing JESUS CHRIST (7) the FISHMAN whose key-word was "I BELIEVE" and a Gospel of "I Believe" was preached or offered for the poor and afflicted. This Gospel was extended even to the dregs of society, as a way of escape from their sorrows if they would take it.

Jupiter's important place in this age as ruler of Pisces was to bring in religion and philosophy and the develop-

ment of the higher mind. Jupiter is also the planet of expansion, being planet number 3, that of scattering and expression of art, music, writing, teaching, lecturing, surgery and certain lines of drugless healing, Jupiter therefore succeeded in scattering Israel and the Gentiles completely over the face of the globe, the past 1,000 years especially through the medium of water transportation, the element being water in Pisces.

During this time the oceans, seas and lakes have been conquered through the building of all manner of ships; sea-foods have received a prominent place in feeding the race. And as Pisces rules the rivers, John baptized in the River Jordan, symbolic of the age for the material purification, and Jesus baptized through Spirit "Fire." Neptune came along later with his mysticism and the Bible was mystically written, Jesus was a great mystic, being one of the Essenes, and the Gospel of John, written about 98 A.D. by John, is alive with mysticism. So was Paul a great mystic. The planet Neptune rules over drugs, chemicals and the unconscious things; he is also very highly spiritual. During this Age of Pisces all chemicals have been brought forward, for it has been a wonderful chemical age. For example, soda ash, bicarbonate soda, borax, and all manner of chemicals, cleansers of every description have been manufactured. The moon has nourished the earth and brought about many changes; Mercury focusing through Virgo, its co-worker, has analyzed and enlightened the mind. It is the planet of knowledge, memory, perception, observation, intellect, concentration and mental abilities. The race under Pisces and these four planetary influences has made great advancement in knowledge.

AGE OF AQUARIUS

I must not fail to mention that along with these 2,160-year ages mentioned there are cusps joining each age with the other that we pass through. These cusps constitute a period of about 250 years. These cusps are known as the passover periods, where passover is mentioned in the Bible, from one age to the next.

The Christ as the Saviour of mankind was to carry on indefinitely and Jesus the greatest Master of all, who brought to us this CHRIST SPIRIT, may be the last Master sent to us. We are expected through this to become our own Saviour. About 1860 A.D. the far-flung orb of the sun was decreed to enter the fringe of Aquarius, when Uranus was in Gemini and Neptune in Pisces. That being so, our solar sun has now transited one degree seventy-two years in Aquarius, working through this cusp of Pisces, Aquarius, with five planetary bodies, viz., Neptune, Jupiter, Moon, Uranus, Saturn. This combination of planets is bringing great confusion upon the race, much duality prevails, the changing from one age to the other. Since 1900 the Aquarian cusp has been manifesting in earnest;

we have invented healing lamps, radio, gasoline, television; we have now conquered the water and we go above the water through the air. The Piscean Age invented the ships; this is now the age of the air and the great development from this time on for hundreds of years will be through the air. In the Age of Pisces, the patriarchal age, men ruled the earth. The Piscean Age was the feet, this age Aquarius represents the calves and ankles. It is the age of woman, it is a number 2 age, 11th sign, the equivalent number to Jesus-11 when Jesus' teachings will conquer through the air which is much freer than water, and you can not stop the human mind from having its freedom. Children will understand more in five or ten years than it took us many times that long to grasp. A contraption in the pillow of the child will be saying 2x2 are four while he sleeps, and in the morning he will have it all. It is also a great mental age.

In religion this 11 age will conform to JESUS-11 the Master teaching, since like attracts like and since the key-word for Aquarius is "I KNOW," while its opposite pole is Leo, whose keyword is "I WILL," and since the sun rules this sub ruler Leo, the planet of power, life, and authority, we can expect to get much farther on the path of attainment.

This cusp of Aquarius is spoken of by Jesus in Mark 14, verses 13-14-15, relative to the man bearing a pitcher of water which is to be served in the upper room—air. Jesus is the water man, bearing a pitcher of water which is to be served in the upper room, the Heavens, having direct connection with the Aquarian Age, of the water man, symbol of Aquarius, pouring water across the air sign in which age knowledge shall flow as the waters (TRUTH) cover the Earth. The planetary influence is Uranus, a very eccentric, electric and intense mentality, inventive and known as the planet of Elimination; all unnecessary things will be wiped out, such as many middle men in business; he is known as the poor man's friend. Associated with him is Saturn the Planet of Solemnity, Philosophy, Occult understanding, both operating from Aquarius. Uranus is also the Planet of Astrology, the sun as co-ruler is the Planet of Authority, Life and Power in the Fixed Sign Leo. It will be a wonderful age of science, as already shown, science and religion will work hand in hand, much physical labor will be eliminated. The Aquarian Age is pre-eminently a spiritual age and the spiritual side of the many lessons that Jesus gave to the world may now be comprehended by multitudes of people, for the many are now coming into an advanced age of spiritual consciousness. The Piscean Age is practically closed. The universe is now auditing up its books and sweeping out preparatory to the great advance we are to make through the Age of Air. Churchanity will take on a new garment and

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by J. John Gilbert

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J.W.H., Mo.—Your handwriting reveals a great deal of diplomacy, a person who likes change and activity, sports and the out-of-doors. You think and act very quickly, show much adaptability and a high regard for the praise and approval of others. One who has an active imagination and ability for enjoying the romantic side of life.

H.N., Ill.—You display a good deal of tact, a good mental endowment, much friendliness, an ambitious nature, with considerable enthusiasm, and a keen appreciation of music, art and literature. There is a liking for travel, change and variety. Some things you are prone to put off. Your work should be along mental lines.

F.R., Alaska.—You are inclined to be of a cautious and careful nature, conservative, with pride and dignity, but with some timidity displayed. There is a love of the marvelous and wonderful. A clear thinking mentality that is keenly analytical in character, much ability for concentration and aptitude for detail work, combined with a good memory.

B.L., Calif.—I find a high appreciation of culture, and your handwriting tells me you will forever strive for self-improvement. Although there is the evidence of pronounced personal opinions, positive beliefs and conceptions at times, there is a tendency at times to put things off, with some irritation reflected.

W.H., Okla.—You are inclined to be somewhat conservative and cautious, but a little too self-conscious and thinking too much of what other people may say or think. There is the indication of an inquiring nature and a desire to reason things out for yourself, with a good memory. Some constructive mechanical ability is reflected.

E.M.W., Calif.—Your handwriting reveals an appreciation of literature and art, the development of mental individuality, positive beliefs and you are one who is ever striving for self-improvement, quick thinking and investigative mentality, one with ability for handling details with dispatch. A great deal of determination and tenacity are revealed. Your work should be along mental lines.

E.L.R., Tex.—You are endowed by nature with a rather gay and happy disposition. There is a dislike of subordinate positions, a mentality that is mostly logical and deductive in nature, with a good imagination. Rapidity of thought and one who is disposed to be accurate about ideas.

C.I.A., N. Y.—A very enthusiastic nature is displayed, although with some impatience. You have an unusually clear, quick thinking mind. Much amiability, adaptability and tact are shown, with ability for leadership and display-

ing versatility. While some slight depression is shown, you have the wonderful ability for enjoying life, music, color and action.

A.L.M., Utah.—It's true you have become a bit discouraged, but remember the darkest hours are just before the dawn. You have the ability for clear thinking, and enough stubbornness in your nature to hang on and fight for a long time for what you believe to be right and worthwhile. However, you must be a bit less generous and not believe what others say too readily, and you must watch your temper.

E.S.M., Kan.—The emotional nature is one which is chiefly governed by the heart. Your energy is inclined to be somewhat spasmodic, but you can concentrate on those things in which you are interested. You are inclined to be very non-committal about personal affairs. Your greatest difficulties are putting things off, forgetfulness and inclination to worry unnecessarily. These you must overcome.

C.W.M., O.—You possess originality and creativeness with great physical and mental activity, but are inclined to be a bit impulsive and imaginative. There is also shown frankness, good affection, and appreciation of things on a large scale.

R.T.S., Ill.—While there is a great deal of amiableness and friendliness, you are often disposed to hesitate about things and display a quick irritation and temper when forced to do them. Considerable variability in the emotional nature. A love of self; an active brain and practical, reasoning mind.

W.S., Ill.—The person inquired about is inclined to be rather impressionable. A love of change and variety and physical activity, with ability for enjoying the romantic side of life. There is the evidence of some contentiousness and temper.

L.I.J., Tex.—Your handwriting shows one in whom the artistic feeling is strong, a very keen and intuitive mentality and a very observant person. You are inclined to be rather sensitive and hang on to your way of thinking a long time once you have made up your mind.

A.M.G., Can.—A quick intelligence with a practical reasoning mind and ingenuity are found in your handwriting. You are very ambitious and once a thing is begun it is usually carried to completion. An agreeable disposition and love of life and action.

A.T.C., Calif.—Much mental activity, ease in mental processes, strong personality, good self-esteem and a love of our door life are all reflected in your handwriting. You have a good memory of places and a great deal of originality is shown.

NUMEROLOGY

Your Name Analyzed

By Mary Adams

Send full name and present signature, also year, month and day of birth. Communications without name and address will not be answered. Address NUMEROLOGIST, The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

C.C., Ariz.—As you did not send me the date of your birth I cannot answer your question. Try again. Read the heading of this department.

M.S., Can.—Max S— is your husband's name, not yours. You should not use it except socially or in trading at stores. Your name is Bonnie J. S— and you should use it. It shows you have an artistic, kindly disposition. You are sociable and friendly and fond of having a good time.

E.O., Calif.—You have executive ability and can handle routine and details. Try to find some work where you can use these qualities.

T.Z., Calif.—You have originality and executive ability. Your greatest success in life will be as a mother-helper-advisor. If you take the middle initial "A" you will be functioning under better harmony.

E.F.M., Pa.—You have very strong vibrations and should be a master at whatever you undertake. You should be in some position of an altruistic character, before the public.

A.T.M., Pa.—You are logical and systematic, able to handle details and routine. You should have (if you haven't, cultivate it) enthusiasm and pep in all you do, and be able to inspire others.

M.W., Ill.—The change to Minnette was a good one, although it gave you a vibration that is difficult to handle. However, your birth date should make this all right. Do not use that middle name you mentioned. It throws you out of harmony.

B.L., Calif.—The name you now use has the same vibrations as your original name. In altering your name you did not change your vibrations, and unfortunately these are not very good,—unless you are in the musical field or a librarian. For general use I suggest you use your middle initial "E."

E.H.D., N. J.—You ask a great deal. What makes you think there is anything in Numerology that would offend your Christian faith? The Bible is full of numerological symbols and references. You have independence, originality and creative ability.

E.B., Wash.—Your full name indicates ability to handle anything based on routine, logic, mathematics. Your birth path gives you executive ability, but you are flirting with failure if you continue your present signature; it is too weak. Is your time so valuable that you cannot write out your first name in full? What will you do with the second or two that you save? Write out your name in full, always.

The Phantom Arms—(Continued from page 6)

I noticed then, for the first time, that the sleeves of the coat had been shorn away. "Doctor," I said, "how is he? Surely, if he isn't hurt he would not look like that. What exactly do you mean by shock?"

"Hmp—er," he hesitated, and applied his stethoscope to Wilson's heart again. "The heart is very weak," he said at length. "Very weak. He's always very anaemic, I suppose?" "No," I answered. "He's anything but that. He's—Good God, man, he's bleeding to death! Put ligatures on his arms."

"Please keep quiet," the doctor answered sharply. "It must have been a dreadful experience for you, and you are naturally very upset." I raved and cursed at him. I think I should have struck him, but the others held me. They said they would take me away if I did not keep quiet.

Fred Wilson opened his eyes presently, and saw them holding me. "Please let him go," he whispered. "It's all right, old man. It's no use arguing with them, they would not understand. I could never explain to them now, and they would never believe you. Besides,

it's all for the best. Yes, the train went over them and I'm armless for the second time. But not for long!"

I knelt by his side and sobbed. It all seemed so dreadful, and yet, I don't think that then I would have tried to stay his passing. I knew it was best for him.

He looked at me very affectionately. "I'm so sorry that this should happen on your wedding day," he said. "But it would have been so much worse for you if she had not helped." His voice grew fainter and died away.

There was a pause for a time, and his breath came in great sighing sobs. Then suddenly he raised himself on the cushions until he stood upright on his feet, and a smile broke over his face—a smile so sweet I was awed.

His voice came strong and loud from his lips. "Dearest!" he cried. "Dearest, your arms are round me once again! I come! I come!"

"One of the most extraordinary cases I have ever met with," the doctor told the coroner at the inquest. "He seemed to die of all the symptoms of excessive hemorrhage."

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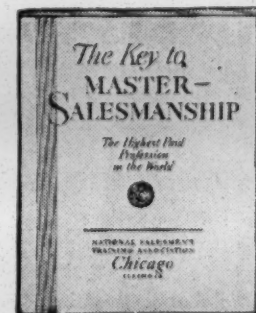
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Do you know that little book was alive with ideas for me! Just one page tipped me off to a bad mistake I was making. Moreover, it showed me how to save at least six recent prospects—turn them into sales, although I thought my chances were gone. In one day, just calling on those six old, supposedly hopeless prospects, I got every one of them—and made \$90—two ordinary weeks' pay! You bet I enrolled for the full course of training after that. Today I'm making \$4200 a year more than I did then. I've lost my envy of the "born" salesman; this training made a successful salesman out of me, as it can out of anyone with ordinary brains and education.



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BOOK REVIEWS

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AD ASTRA (To the Stars)—by Iris Vorel. Publ. by The Uranian Press, New York City. An Astrological analysis of a romance of two lives; instructive, entertaining. A book to be read, re-read and studied and its teachings applied to the little exasperations in Life. Stimulates and provokes laughter—in the last analysis—a perfect Book of Books under one cover. 329 pages bound in gold and blue. Post-paid \$2.20.

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Everybody's Astrological DAILY GUIDE

By
HAASAN OSIRIS

(Note: The time given these calculations is Central Standard Time. If you live in the Eastern Time Zone add one hour to the time given below. If you live in the Mountain Time Zone subtract one hour, or if you live in the Pacific Time Zone subtract two hours from the time stated below.)

AUGUST, 1933

The lunation of July 22, 1933, occurs in the 28th degree of Cancer, Astrologically known as the Crab, a cardinal, watery, feminine Zodiacal sign ruled by the Moon. This lunation holds sway until August 21, 1933.

Marked changes will occur in all National, and International affairs. Variable circumstances surround governments of other nations, but our own leaders will forge ahead and bring to bear a well-balanced program of activities that will warrant the support of the world. The foreign conference committee sent by the President, will do much to allay the irritation caused by the trend of the times and they will be very instrumental in assisting to create a covenant of understanding and trade relationships so as to cause the United States to be a World leader in the advance of prices and the building up of commerce of a world-wide nature.

There will be much talk of waterways and the development of the shipping industry on an extensive basis. Some large store organization will have some difficult legal fights and fires of undetermined origin will destroy some other large retail store business holdings.

Severe criticism from some factions of fanatics against the Administration's policy for the promotion of trade and unemployment. Attempts to block governmental investigations will fail and the country will be emerging from the serious stagnation it has been suffering for so long a time.

Great advances in science and new inventions of an astonishing nature come to light.

Unusually unseasonable weather prevails in some sections of the country; some parts will be parched and thirsting for rain, while other parts will be drenched almost to flood proportions.

It is a month of very sudden and unexpected happenings, but withal the march of progress will go forward and the United States will be commended by other world powers as leading the way out of the depression.

AUGUST, 1933

(For verification: Raphael's Aspectarian for 1933)

1. Short alternate good and adverse periods prevail throughout the day. Keep busy with usual routines but proceed with care and caution.
2. Until noon things are mostly unsettled, but the balance of the day is much better. Go places and do things.
3. A good business day. Favorable for personal affairs and high finances

until 5:30 P. M. After that avoid quarrels and accidents.

4. Retrench. Take no risks or chances of any nature and wait until another day to start new things.
5. The day is extremely adverse until 4:45 P. M. Things in general will likely be confusing and annoying. The evening is much better.
6. Most unusually good for travel, visiting and mixing with others until 12:45 P. M. After that avoid accidents and stay off from and out of the water.
7. A succession of adverse aspects influence the day. Be careful so as to prevent losses, accidents, falls and fires.
8. Postpone all important things until after 8 A. M. Then things become slightly progressive until 11 A. M., after which confusing and disconcerting conditions develop for the remainder of the day and evening.
9. The early morning hours are adverse. The balance of the day favors all recreational and personal affairs.
10. Favors business, produce and transfers; but not good for friendly favors nor general personal things. Be diplomatic.
11. Alternate good and adverse influences cause the day to be mixed and confused. Use discretion in all matters.
12. Dispose of things. Take no new responsibilities. Curb fears made by the imagination today.
13. An especially good day for taking trips, asking favors, attending lectures and studying along spiritual or occult lines.
14. Until 12:30 P. M. things will seem to be delayed. After that and until 8 P. M. push ahead and clean up old tasks. In the late evening avoid accidents and fires.
15. A good day for general, progressive activity, but does not favor amusements nor pleasure seeking.
16. Shows losses in risks or chances until 1 P. M. Then better influences prevail until 4:45 P. M., after which care and caution in all affairs should be observed for the balance of the day and evening.
17. The earlier in the day you can complete transactions the better. Venus and Jupiter in conjunction favors women and finances. Good influences wane about 7 P. M.
18. Until 10 A. M. avoid losses through carelessness, oversights and schemes. Then until 12:45 P. M. good for everything. The balance of the day is treacherous and

(Continued on page 17)

PSYCHIC REVELATION

Your Problems Solved

By JOHN PAUL ARNOLD

You are allowed one question. Please write briefly and plainly. Questions without name and address are not answered. Address PSYCHIC, The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

One question only will be answered each month in this department.

W.S.W., D. C.—Yes, very much so but it will take a little time.

H.B.D., Can.—Your heart's desired wish will be fulfilled later on; be patient and have hope.

A.R.T., Tex.—Continue in your present capacity; later on an opportunity will be offered you which will enable you to make the desired change.

M.A.D., N. Y.—A change in locality would be favorable; continue in your present business capacity. The subjects in which you are so much interested will benefit you greatly in the future.

F.K., Wis.—Yes; relax completely and make a demand mentally for greater understanding and unfoldment.

H.J.D., Calif.—No, another change will take place the latter part of this year.

F.Z., Calif.—Yes, but not until the latter part of the Fall.

M.L., O.—An opportunity will be offered you through a friend which it will be to your advantage to accept as it

will bring about the desired change.

G.L.W., Colo.—Not at present, but later on; try to make the best of your present environment and circumstances.

L.F.C., Wash.—Yes, that seems to be a favorable investment.

D.McN., Calif.—Only for a short period of time; however, you should not let her circumstances worry you.

J.C., Wash.—Your luck will change for the better in the very near future so brace up and look on the brighter things of life.

Q.L.F.C., Wash.—You possess a universal soul, therefore you are a servant of the Cosmos and the law of change governs you; you are also endowed with more insight and personality than the average person which is of a great benefit to you when used in the right way and in time you will become very much interested in Occultism and Mystical research which will benefit you in many ways.

A.S., Mo.—Do not become discouraged but keep on trying as the fulfillment of your wish is almost at hand and great opportunities come with it.

Astrological Daily Guide—(Continued from page 16)

- accidents will be numerous unless careful enough to prevent them.
19. Push things until noon. But the balance of the day is filled with uncertain influences. Be careful whom you trust.
 20. Pleasant results should come from your experiences today. Travel, visit or correspond.
 21. Not a good day to choose for important things. Do not be on the offensive today.
 22. Until noon refer to yesterday's outline; but the balance of the day is vigorous and progressive.
 23. Favors young people and dealings with officials or important people. You lovers and sweethearts, here is a good night for all of you.
 24. The strongest aspects of the day are good ones so a great deal of useful work can be accomplished. Avoid hurts and accidents late in evening.
 25. Guard health, money and business until 4:30 P. M. The day is beset with impositions and unfair dealings. Retrench and busy yourself

- with unimportant things. The evening, however is very good for personal pleasures and recreation.
26. Not safe to start things. Everything will seem to be delayed.
27. Very good influences prevail throughout the day and evening. Travel, study, visit and attend to important things. Good for usual Sunday plans.
28. Conduct no important business. The housewife should do very little buying and strive to overcome persistent oppositions and obstacles.
29. Good for moving, renovating and making changes. Also good for money transactions and general business.
30. Good for dealing with those in higher positions than yourself. Ask favors. Travel. Seek work.
31. Disasters on the land, sea or in the air are liable to take place today. Avoid starting things if possible. Bad time for making tests or contacting strangers. Guard health and remain in "safety zones" throughout the day.

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THE OCCULT BOOK MART
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Does Death End All?—(Continued from page 10)

of your spirit messages you would thank us. As I passed from my son I seemed to float downward, and looking back, saw him, clear and distinct, standing some distance above our plane of earth. He was looking at me.

Later, I found him again. He was dressed and in a bedroom I had never seen. He seemed surprised to think I had come. This time I was stronger and was able to ask him where he lived, but though I tried I could not wait for his answer.

You may say, "How strange that you should see a barn in spirit life and that your son should be riding on a bicycle there. I had always supposed that heaven was some sort of cloudy place where everything was ultra refined and that perhaps I would have some wings, or be given some sort of musical instrument to play upon, most likely a harp." No, heaven is much like earth. It is only a step removed and my boy was a boy still with the same desires and the same likes and dislikes he had on earth. He had a bicycle because he wanted one. They have bicycles and automobiles, and dogs and cats, and houses and guns, and everything else we have and more besides. Why not? Go there and find out, as I have done, and then you'll agree with me. Go and ask a first-class spirit medium to give you a message, and ask her how she knew your mother's name, or all about your little brother Bobby, or that old dog you used to keep locked up in the back yard. That dog has passed on into spirit life, and I'll guarantee he is as cross and as ugly as he ever was. Do you expect to find him an angel dog, or did you ever see a dog with wings?

I should like to write to you a long time about living matter, and what it is, and how it becomes invisible and translates itself at length into a force or power called life, which has the properties of motion. That old theory about seeing is believing was exploded long ago, and today every scientist and thinking man knows that there are many things which exist and yet which are entirely invisible to us. All the gases and ethers are invisible, unless they solidify so that they can be seen. So spirits are invisible to us, but sometimes, under certain conditions, they can materialize and be recognized.

The last time I knew of my son's presence was a few days ago. I woke to a state of entrancement and found beside me a strange woman, no doubt a helper, or guide, from the other side. Someone was pulling my hair with a terrible grip. I reached up and took the hands. They were icy cold, but there was life in them. They were the hands of my son and fully material. There was no face, no form, but I knew the form was there, and the strange lady whose face I could not see, said "Hush, he is entranced," and I knew that my boy had done this difficult thing for me, that he had come back, as close as he could ever come again to me while I was on earth and he was in spirit, and I knew then that death had not parted us, and that nothing could ever part me from him who was as near to me as my own life. I knew that I would always be able to find him if need be, and that, in time, I, too, would leave this earth, and be in spirit where there are no partings unless we wish it so.

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I and the Father Are ONE — (Continued from page 11)

read in the Bible was the history of a people and in its history is hidden a great truth which has nothing to do with GOD'S punishment in regard to us. It teaches that God is Love and SIN punishes itself. Let us teach the children the story of Christ. His sermon on the Mount. Rightly taught, rightly understood, that is all the child needs to make him a splendid man or woman. Teach the children how to overcome fear, how to face Life courageously, how to love his fellowmen. Teach that Christ said, "WHATSOEVER ye pray for, BELIEVE that ye receive it NOW and ye shall have it," that this is so. And, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," didn't mean sins alone, but the thoughts you think as well as the deeds you do will come back to you a hundredfold, for as we vision, so shall it be given unto us.

The first cross was man with arms outstretched in worship of the sun. Could he have worshiped anything finer than the giver of Light and of Life. Lord of the Universe, without whom we would all perish, if he failed to shine at all. Man continually crucifies his lower self upon the cross of his higher one.

The Bible is written in symbols, hidden from the eyes of the masses, revealed to a few. Read it as it stands and it is a meaningless mass of contradictions. A study of ancient religions and symbolism will reveal to the earnest student that our church today is builded not upon Christianity but upon sun worship and star worship of the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans.

Teach your child to believe in GOD, but as a great spirit that dwells within himself, a God not subject to time, space

or distance. He is not a Being seated on a throne in the sky, putting down your sins and mine. He is here, within you, within me, in our hearts, in every pore of our being and He is the thinker in us and the energy that moves our heart and brain. We can commune with Him if we will be STILL and quiet our fear-ridden thoughts and stop our tenseness and relax and turn within to Him, who lives in the Holy of Holies in our own being. Be still—and KNOW I AM GOD! He is YOU, the thinker of the thought, the master of your temple, that temple the living body.

Ask God in you to shine out into the world through you, to walk and talk to your fellowmen and see God shining out from the temple of your fellowmen to you. Do not fear evil, for evil cannot hurt you; you are bigger than any outside condition. Picture God behind the sun, shining, shining. The sun makes no effort to overcome BAD conditions; he shines upon the just and the unjust. "Do ye Likewise." It is your duty to shine always. In shining you dissolve your troubles and transmute them into something useful, just as the sun will help decay things, yet at the same time make those things into fertilizers that will make other things grow. There is no death in all the universe. Even decay is life, giving life to something else. God is everywhere. He is a God of the living, not a God of the dead. There is no death. There is only reincarnation, and transforming from one thing into another. You are God. Your body is your instrument to use on earth for your soul's growth. Some day you will lay aside that worn-out instrument and be free. I and the Father are ONE.

The Bible Mirroring the Universe — (Continued from page 13)

we are likely to see all creeds and dogmas wiped out and in its place one great Universal Church, learning the secret doctrines of Jesus Christ, which he taught to his disciples and in the place of the key-word of Pisces, "I BELIEVE," and "I ANALYZE," it will be "I know and I will."

Jesus belonged to the Essenes and they were all versed in astrology, ele-

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Do Numbers Rule Our Lives?—(Continued from page 7)

strong, destructive 16? In addition to this unfortunate combination A was born under the sign Aquarius, which in its less good aspects, carries an influence of selfishness, deception, dishonesty, lack of principle, indolence. Clearly "A" was an easy mark for the lawlessness and temptations of a big city. In addition to all this, the daily influence of January 24, is: recklessness and wasted energies; a throwing away of good opportunities simply because of the love for excitement and unwillingness to work constructively. The Aquarian born on January 24 is one who complains of his "bad luck" when the fault is really within himself.

The younger brother, B, was born August 19, 1910,

$$8 - 10 - 11 = 9 - 11 = 2$$

While B does not have the destructive 16 of his older brother, he has a greater degree of weakness (2) and to make a bad matter worse he has been using a signature which also gave him a 2, and his full original name (Destiny) is also 2. There could not be a weaker combination than a "2" in both Destiny and Birth path. Even a musical genius could not accomplish much with such a combination. B was born in the sign Leo, which needs strong handling, and high ideals, for unless a Leo native is actively honest and ambitious, he sinks downward and becomes licentious, dissipated, ruled by passions, self-indulgent, vain, lazy, shirking responsibility; an easy prey to evil influences.

Forecasting 1933 for these two brothers—A is under the unstable and menacing influence of 14, which, like fire, if

controlled, is man's friend, but if not controlled, is his enemy. In 1933, B comes under the baneful influence of 16.

Now let us look at the parents of these boys and see how they were brought up. The father was born under the influence of 39—which can bring cruelty and suffering and sink to the lowest depths unless lived on a high plane. His signature is 2, which shows that he evidently did not resist the down-pulling tendency of 39. He was not a helpful father. He is a Sagittarian, which in the less worthy vibrations, induces petulance, rebellion and domineering.

The mother is artistic in temperament, easily imposed upon; swayed by her emotions and sympathies. Her maiden name and birthpath were harmonious and artistic; but with her marriage she took a name entirely out of harmony with her birth path. Strange to say, although she and her husband were born at different seasons of the year, and of course under different signs, she also has a birth path of 39, and is equally unfitted to train her sons. The probability is that the father was too domineering and unreasonable and the mother was too sympathetic and weak and easily imposed upon. In neither of the parents was there a strong, steady, wise hand to guide these boys who were growing up under such unfavorable combinations of numbers. In not one of these four people is there a strong, self-controlled, helpful, constructive influence. Under favorable conditions the mother would have been a charming, artistic woman, although

rather too fond of activity and excitement and social pursuits; but surrounded by all these adverse circumstances she was not strong enough to control them and undoubtedly is reaping the misfortunes of an Aries woman—an unhappy domestic life, headaches and nervousness. She is under the same 1933 influence that afflicted Charles Lindbergh at the time his son was kidnapped. To sum up in rather a cruel and cold-blooded way, the mother was "negatively" weak; the father was "positively" bad; and the boys combine both of these influences.

And now for the way out. No man of 20 or 25 who has progressed so far on the wrong road, can expect to come back instantly. He must first want to become a worthy citizen and then take a name that will help to control, uplift and strengthen him. He must know and understand his handicaps and have the desire to correct them. New names, new environment, kind but firm discipline, regular tasks, should bring about the desirable change. But remember, no one is obliged to be "good" unless he chooses. His Destiny is influenced, but not controlled, by his numbers, and if, knowing these facts he does not choose to change himself into a worthy citizen, no power on earth can make him. He will have to bear the results of his choice, for no longer can he claim the alibi of ignorance. Sooner or later he will have to learn that "Crime does not pay." These boys are both young yet; it is up to Society to help them, give them a chance, that they may be a credit to both themselves and their city.

The Astral Vision—(Continued from page 10)

fortable *astral existences*," continued the voice that filled my dream, "than the lower ones. After a while on the astral plane the soul is rested and is then ready for another earth life. They are then born into men again, and are once more on the earth.

"You are born millions of times, each time advancing some," continued the voice of my vision, "and each time you come to the astral plane after your death on earth. This dream, or vision," continued the voice, "was brought on you in order to let you know about the future. You have reached the intel-

lectual stage where you really wish to comprehend the system of creation."

It then seemed to tell me that there were millions of worlds with their chains of astral planes, and then millions of groups of worlds and so on; and that when I reached the top of the earth planes I would go to the planes of an existence on some other world.

Then I knew that my dream was over. I saw the silken thread tighten, and I felt my peculiar body drifting through the planes. Just before I drifted into the earthly sphere the peculiar voice explained to me that no

soul could go higher than the plane for which it was ready. It declared that a higher soul could easily visit the lower planes, however, and that the planes I had seen were only those lower than the one for which I was ready.

Suddenly I awoke, still in the chair—the open book in my lap. Somehow I cannot help believing that this dream, or vision, was really a means of telling me the story of the hereafter; and now, as I think of that vivid vision, I can imagine myself, after death, on the astral planes.

Werewolf—(Continued from page 11)

ous enough to visit his cabin. Finally, a revenue inspector happened by the place and noticing its deserted appearance, broke down the door and entered. Carl Janus lay upon his bed fully dressed—dead. His shirt, unpierced by any weapon, was clotted with blood. The inspector, opening it, discovered three jagged gashes in Janus' breast.

To corroborate my suspicions I

viewed the body the next day. Those gapping holes in Janus' body corresponded exactly to the width of the prongs of the pitchfork used by Soll. The expression on the face of the dead man was that of a fiend, of a black magician, of a—werewolf!

Undoubtedly many of my readers are acquainted with the lore of werewolves,

those creatures who are blood brothers to the vampires. By day they are as ordinary men, but by night they shed their human semblance and, assuming the body of a wolf made manifest by their own powerful thought-forms, roam the woods for human victims to satisfy their blood thirst. Of such was Carl Janus, and such was his story.

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